Childhood.

A. B.

Some think the happiness of life
Is mostly felt in childhood's stage;
That cares, and never-ceasing strife
Are only known in riper age.

Believe it not; the youthful heart
Most deeply feels its own distress,
Is not unconscious of the smart,
Which sometimes fills the aged breast.

'Tis true that trifles please awhile,
And grief sometimes is soon forgotten;
The tear brushed by, in lieu, a smile
Succeeds, by some new hope begotten.

But transient all, – another cloud
May hover near to damp its pleasure,
And ere the falling tears are dried,
They flow again in greater measure.

Nantucket, 1819.

M. A. N.

R. G. P.

When free from passion, we survey
Times past, and history calmly scan,
What scenes does memory there display,
But rendered strange, by stranger man?

Undeviating Nature still
Plies steadily the task assigned
By Him, whose never-changing will
Her splendid harmony designed.

But man, e'en man, when first was made
An offering to the mighty God,
In furious rage a brother slaged,
And stained with blood the verdant sod.

Go view the monumental piles
O'er Egypt's long-benighted land,
And there behold how man's black guiles
The flames of desolation fanned.

O, where has fled the Grecian boast
Of Science, Arts, her strength of Arms?
In cold oblivion all are lost,
Or trembling now midst war's alarms.

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Go, ask the nations of the world
Why they have made their millions bleed?
Ask why the bloody flag is unfurled,
They answer, "to enforce our creed."

Oh, when shall Reason's hallowed beam
Upon the night of Error break?
When shall the sabre cease to gleam,
And murder for opinion's sake.

Nantucket, 1827.

Reflections.

S. C. B.

The sun is sinking in the west,
Behind yon distant cloud-capt hill;
And wearied nature sinks to rest,
While all around is calm and still.

Another day has glided by,
Burdened alike with hope and fear,
Another sun will gild the sky,
Another radiant dawn appear.

Thus day and night successive pass;
Seasons perform their grateful round;
Yet Time shall be, when not a trace
Of all we honor, shall be found.

Yes, e'en the brightest wreath of Fame,
That now blooms round the hero's brow,
The meed of praise no more shall claim;
Above his dust no knee shall bow.

Alike forgetting and forgot
(Time vanquishes e'en memory's power;)
Man only knows that he is but
The idol of the passing hour.

Nantucket, 1830.

Album verses.

S. B.

I have thought of my promise, when thinking of thee,
And have craved for that hour when the spirit is free
From all care on life's busy stage;
In the hope that this boon would insure me the power,
To cull e'en a leaf from some favorite flower,
To impress on thy Album's fair page.

But the hour which I sought comes not at our will,
Though we think to possess, it will flee from us still,
And its promise is sure to deceive, –
Then let us enjoy the good that is given,
Referring it all to the bounty of Heaven,
In whom we have faith to believe.

For the world's gay address can please but awhile,
Its honor, its wealth, its applause, and its smile,
Oh, how often illusive and vain!
Seize, then, my dear friend, the riches that last,
When the hopes that deceived, are forgotten and past,
Or remembered with sorrow and pain.

Then, whether the path in which we may go,
Shall be cheered by the sunbeam, or clouded with woe,
We can still bless the hand that has given;

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While the promise is sealed by the Fountain of Good,
To those who have drunk of that soul-saving blood,
Of a sunshine eternal in Heaven.

Nantucket, 1833.

To Mary.

A. M. R.

There is a charm of untold power,
Yet mild as evening's glow,
Which whispers peace to the darkest hour,
And soothes the mourner's woe.

It kindly stays the spirit bowed,
Dries up the widow's tears;
As mild and fair as on the cloud,
The bow of hope appears.

It hovers round the dying bed,—
Lights up the glazing eye,—
Breathes peace upon the aching head,—
Yes, teaches man to die.

What charm is this? where does it dwell?
On El Dorado's coast?
Where Atlantis' breezes swell?
Oh! ask me not — thou know'st.

Nantucket, 1833.

Stanzas.

E. M. G.

Where do the green-wood birds repose,
When the winter round us lowers?
Have they a home 'mid the drifted snows,
Or a nest in leafless bowers?
The surly blasts of the stormy North
No notes of joy prolong,
Nor lure the light-winged minstrels forth,
To breathe their mellow song.

In the sunny South, on the clasping vine,
The warblers rest their wing;
And chant where the clustering tendrils twine,
In the warmth of the fadeless spring.
When the trees in summer's vesture smile,
And green are hill and plain,
They will hie them back to our own lone isle,
And herald the morn again.

When the noontide hour is warmly bright,
And the clouds have shed their showers,
They will shake the dews from their light, pinions
And nestle amid the flowers.
O, the year is dull while ye are gone,
And cheerless the brightest day;—
Then birds of the green-wood, speed ye on,
And resume your merry lay.

Nantucket, 1837.

Song.

June. Isle of Beauty.

L. B.

What is life? An hour of anguish,
Love's a dream, and friends betray;
E'en one little cup of gladness
Oft is rudely snatched away.
Friends alas! too oft remind me
Of the false, the treacherous kiss;
Then how few the ties that bind me,
To a world so cold as this.

Can the harp that's tuned to sorrow,
Yield one note of mirth or joy?
Can we from the future borrow,
Hopes that future will destroy?
Farewell, then, each aspiration
After aught earth can bestow;
Seek, my spirit, resignation
From the source whence it can flow.

Nantucket, 1838.

Elegy.

M. W. J.

Sung at the Second Congregational Church, in Nantucket, on the occasion of Solemnities in memory of the late President Harrison.

Tune. Oft in the stilly night.

Rest, rest thee! Warrior, rest!
Thy days of toil are ended;
Sleep on Columbia's breast,
The land thy blood defended.
Thy battle's done, the victory won,
Our country tells the story;
Songs of the free, thy requiem be,
Thy fame, the nation's glory.
Rest, holy rest is thine,
Thy name embalmed in story,
A nation's heart thy shrine,
Thy fame, a nation's glory.

Sleep, noble Chieftain, sleep!
While grief in plaintive numbers,
Its mournful dirge shall keep
Above thy dreamless slumbers;—
Thy sun is set! with vain regret,
Why weep we its declining?

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For angels now, around thy brow,
Unfading wreaths are twining.
Sleep! Warrior! Chieftain! Sleep!
While grief in plaintive numbers,
Its mournful dirge shall keep,
Above thy dreamless slumbers.

How peaceful now thy rest,
Thy pledge of faith unbroken;
Be sacred the behest
Thy dying lips have spoken!
Sword of the brave! around thy grave,
Though death our hearts dissever,
In sadness now, we sternly vow
To keep that trust forever!
Then rest thee, Warrior, rest!
Thy days of toil are ended;
Sleep on Columbia's breast,
The land thy blood defended.

Nantucket, Apr. 1841.

The Tiles.

Mo. Me.

Those tiles, those good old-fashioned tiles, I love to see them here,
They bring to mind my childhood, and recollections dear;
The fire-place of our sitting room was decked with such as these,
And see them often as I might, they never failed to please.

I can remember now, how I wondered at the art,
Which to the polished china, such glories could impart;
And not the finest paintings of Stuart or of West,
In later years, could ever raise such transports in my breast.

Each picture had its story, and our mother used to tell
The fables, and the morals, until we learned them well;
But the fables I've forgotten, it is so long ago;
And, alas! some of the morals I've learned too well to know.

Our north room had the prettiest, as near as I can think;
The ground-work was of bluish white, the pictures done in pink;
But I did n't see them often, for the times were very rare,
When the parlor door was opened, and I admitted there.

It always looked so pleasant, when they sparkled clear and bright,
In the evening, as the blazing fire sent up its fitful light;
It seemed as if those aged men and women on the tiles,
Had sympathy with boys and girls, and cheered them with their smiles.

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Nantucket,

The times are past, the times are past, of tiles and blazing wood,
And with them many other things as pleasant, and as good;
And they talk about the patent stoves, the Olmsteads and air-tights,
As if they hadn't gloom enough, in these long winter nights.

And they boast about the luxury of such a healthy heat,
Of the safety to the lungs, and the comfort to the feet;
And they wonder how they did to live in those freezing times of old;
Ah, if our rooms were never warm, our hearts were never cold.

Nantucket, 1844.

The Bird of Passage need but a slight rest.
S. E. B.

The beautiful birds from the sunny South,
That gladden us here awhile,
When the freshly re-awakened earth
Is basking in Summer's smile,

But a fragile and airy fabric rear,
Meet for so transient a home;
For the northern blast so chill and drear,
Soon bids them homeward roam.

And are not we Birds of Passage on earth?
Then why so firm a home rear?
And why do we count of such matchless worth,
The baubles that lure us here?

O! rather let us like the birds be wise,
Nor think to tarry here long;
But when called to our home beyond the skies,
Haste away with joyous song.

1845.

Trifle not with any Heart.

H. C. G.

Oh, trifle not with any heart,
However weak or wrong,
And from thy quiver send no dart,
To join the poisoned throng.

The averted eye, and heart of ice,
May pierce the trembling soul,
When but a word of kind advice
Had saved it clean and whole.

There is no heart unblessed by truth,-
Where virtue has no place,-
There is no age, there is no youth,
Without its latent grace.

The brightest mind may be o'ercast
By Error's gloomy cloud,
The wisest soul may for a time
Seem lost in folly's shroud;-

But eye of faith, and heart of love,
Can see no deathly shroud,
And not a ray shines from above,
But loves to gild a cloud.

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1845.

Then trifle not with any heart,
  However weak or wrong,
And add no anguish to its smart,
  By speech, nor yet by song.

If any sins be growing there,
  And spreading wide their roots,
Instilling death into the air,
  And yielding bitter fruits, –

With careful eye, and tender hand,
  Remove the parent stems; –
But virtues too are growing there,
  Be sure and water them.

So shall your path by hill and dale,
  O'er life's uneven road,
Be peaceful as the stream which "flows
  Fast by the Throne of God."

1845.

Song of the Hyacinths.

F. M. M.

Together we sit in our verdant cot,
And our hearts with gladness teem,
For we pass our hours in mirth and song,
And our lives glide gaily and smoothly on,
As the flow of a summer stream.

At morning's dawn, the butterfly comes,
With its blithesome "How d'ye do,"
Then flutters away o'er the grassy heath,
To quaff the sweet odors of flowerets breath,
And sip the morning dew.

And the little birds fly in haste to our side,
To carol their early lay,
We cheer them on with our smiles and glee,
They pour out their notes responsively,
And hie to the fields away.

And thus we pass the livelong day,
And our frolics and gambols keep,
And when the light of the day is flown,
We breathe out a song like the dying swan,
And lull ourselves to sleep.

Nantucket, 1846.

Lines written on the commencement of Summer.
E. H.

Sweet Summer approaches, and fast is arraying
The earth in a mantle of green;
On hill and in valley, in forest and meadow,
The print of her footsteps is seen.

She breathes on the air, and a softness pervades it,
Unknown during Winter's cold reign;
The invalid now ventures forth to inhale it,
Inspired with fresh vigor again.

With pencil in hand, dipped in Nature's own colors,
She paints every floweret that blows,
And whatever is touched by her delicate brushes,
Will soon some new beauties disclose.

The birds greet her coming, with music enlivening,
Taught by instinct, that unerring guide;
When the first balmy gale of the Spring was approaching,
From their winter abode they have hied.

Thy bright sunny days, and thy calm evening hours,
The music of bird and of bee,
Thy beautiful verdure, thy fruits and thy flowers,
Sweet Summer, are lovely to me.

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1847.

But like all earthly pleasures thy beauties are transient,
And soon we must see them decay;
And the leaves will be falling, and autumn winds blowing,
And nature no longer be gay.

But not like the birds, will we then be departing,
In search of a sunnier clime;
Leaving all that is cold, dark and dreary behind us,
Perpetual Summer to find.

For 'tis said that we still shall have winter and summer,
Seed-time, harvest, the night and the day;
So adversity's cloud will sometimes hover round us,
And chase the bright sunshine away.

Yet sweet are its uses, and oft prove a blessing,
Though sometimes disguised from our sight;
And the mind that improves them may still be possessing
A peace that no changes can blight.

Then if Summer in nature be short-lived and fleeting,
And destined so soon to depart,
We may each one endeavor within to be keeping
Perpetual sunshine of heart.

1847.

1847

Lines addressed to the Carrier Bird, which was shot at the village of Siasconset.

E. S.

Little wanderer of the sky!
Never more shalt thou return;
Never glad each anxious eye,
Bidding thee thrice welcome home.

Thou wert first to track the air,
Bearing on thy pinions high,
Messages both rich and rare,
And didst human power defy.

When this feat was first accomplished,
And the news was whispered round,
Men on 'change gazed up, astonished,
"Sure," said they, "some prophet's found."

Some ascend the towering height,
Watch with telescopic aid,
For the palace floating light, —
But, alas! no signal 's made.

Some, who saw thy kind protector
Bid thee leave thy ocean home,

But of him who took thy life,
Ere thou reached thy destined goal,
If his bosom burned with strife,
Deep's the shade upon his soul.

Short thy span of life has been;
Swift and fleeting as a day;
Let it this great lesson teach,
We, like thee, must pass away.

Nantucket, 1847.

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Could not fail to this conjecture—
"Reason must have left her throne."

When the secret was unfolded,
That the little stranger came,
Showers of praises quick descended,
Such as man would gladly claim.

Thou hast borne upon thy pinions,
Tidings fraught with hope and joy,
Of some cherished friend or husband,
Or some darling sailor boy;

Then of battles thou hast told,
And of daring victories won;
Now, thy little heart lies cold,
Thou to thy long home hast gone.

But methinks I hear thy mate
Breathing forth some plaintive strain,—
Mourning for thy sad, sad fate,
All to lure thee back again.

Of thy guardian I would speak;
He who nursed and watched thee here,
Will, should he these lines e'er greet,
Drop with me the tribute tear.

The Violets to Jessica.

F. M. M.

Evening's shades were gently falling,
Bird and bee and frog were calling
Loved ones home from brook and lea;
Noiselessly the air was breathing,
Flower and tree and rock and heath en-
chanted stood:
How listless and unperceiving
Then were we,
While tiny hands were cleaving
Us for thee.

Fairest of earth's gentle daughters,
Kiss, we pray, the hand that
Sought us,
Brought us
Thus to dwell with thee:
For sweeter, fairer than sun or sky,
Is thy playful smile — thy love-lit eye:
Oh, to live in death with one like thee,
Is the joy of a flower's eternity.

Nantucket, 1848.

To M. S. P.
With pressed flowers.
C. L. S.

Upon our island fair they grew;
Didst know they blossomed there for you?
Nestled down close to the sod,
Their loving eyes looked up to God,
And thanked him for the sun's warm light,
That glanced upon their faces bright;
Thanked him for the sparkling dew,
And for the breeze that o'er them blew.
Though many other flowers were there,
Of all, these seemed to me most fair;
And so, with careless hand, unblest,
I took them from their place of rest.
Torn from their home, their brightness fled,
Their downy petals now looked dead,
And sadly through the air there rung
These accents from a silvery tongue.
"The sparkling dew, and sun of spring
No more to us will pleasure bring;
No more, at morning's rosy peep,
Will zephyrs waken us from sleep;
No longer, tales we love so well,
Will yellow bee with sweet hum tell;
The welcome drops of gentle rain
For us, will ever fall in vain."

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Sadly I listened to their song,
And promised to repair my wrong,
To guard them safely from decay,
A gift for one as pure as they. —
An angel whispered, love, to me,
That I must give my flowers to thee.

Bridgewater, 1849.

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The Sewing Circle, its design, deeds, and prospects. by a Lady.

And one and all with cordial feeling greet.
Lift ye of me! though life's rude wintry storm.
Had silvered o'er her locks, and bent her form.
Her heart in purity was fresh and fair.
And virtue beamed in all its brightness there.
Her trusting soul with Faith's unwavering eye.
Has gone to meet its kindred in the sky. } The elder Mrs. Tuck-

Come Ladies, listen while I read a song.
Nor tire, although I tax your patience long.
For if 'tis trash we write, or common sense,
'Tis easier to spin out, than to condense.
I ask your pardon, if too bold you think,
In giving forth sometimes a gentle hint;
My subject is this circle and its aim.
Therefore from you, I some attention claim.
Don't be offended if my song should spice,
(Although unasked) with what we call advice.

When first we met, what cared we if 'twas said,
That Unitarians in their faith were dead,
And if our circle numbered full fourscore,
That ere twelve months elapsed, 'twould be no more.
Twelve times the Earth has gone her annual round,
While at each simple gathering, still are found,
A large proportion of the members old,
Who yet are good as California gold.
But of the cherished absent, I would speak,
And one and all with cordial feeling greet.
Lift ye of me! though life's rude wintry storm,
Had silvered o'er her locks, and bent her form.
Her heart in purity was fresh and fair,
And virtue beamed in all its brightness there;
Her trusting soul with Faith's unwavering eye,
Has gone to meet its kindred in the sky. } The elder Mrs. Tuck.

Some of our choicest members West have gone.
And some have joined the city's busy throng.
While some are saying that to old they've grown.
Therefore they think they'd better stay at home.
But say not so, for you we cannot spare.
Come while you may, and in our pleasures share.
There's Mrs. Pinkham, and Aunts Glover, Plumb.
We have a strong desire to have you come.
To Mrs. Barnard, I would say the same.
And many others I should like to name;
Say not that any young & joyous face.
Can ever well supply your vacant place,
Then come and join us where again we meet.
For without you our circle's not complete.

The first who graced the Presidential chair.
Was one whose talents shone with lustre there.
And had she occupied some other place.
Would have combined both dignity and grace.
Next Mrs. Howes presided for a while.
And gave to each her pleasant, ready smile.
Her qualities we rarely see combined.
A woman of much talk, and of strong mind.
Then, Mrs. Mitchell did the office grace.
And long and well did she supply the place.
Next, Mrs. Starbuck served us for a time.
Till other duties called her to resign.
'Tis now filled by our worthy Pastor's wife.
So keen, so full of energy and life.

The subject next, we purpose to discuss.
Is what's the object of our meeting thus?
It is for social intercourse we meet.
And each with kindly sympathies to greet.
Discordant feelings all to lay aside.
Nor suffer aught our unity divide.
But do we meet upon such common ground:
And are these feelings in our borders found?
Has never scandal with her busy tongue,
In seeking food, the hearts of many wrung?
Has jealousy ne'er thrown her deadly shaft.
And have we ne'er the cup of envy quaffed?
Let's each see to it, that within her breast.
No sins like these shall ever dare infest.
And let that charity which suffereth long.
And to a neighbor ne'er imputes a wrong.
Oh! ever let her graceful mantle fall.
Upon the feelings of each, one & all.
The longest life's at best, but one short span,
Then for each other, let's do what we can.
What matter if a question comes before.
Our little meeting and is canvassed o'er.
If each see not with another's eyes.
This surely is no matter of surprise.
Nor should it one unpleasant thought create.
Though we some plan propose, or question state.
And some object, and do not think it wise.
And they perhaps some better plan devise.
Majorities must rule.—tho' sometimes wrong.

Right of opinion doth to all belong.
Let us resolve, no more to meet to tea
Except like this our annual meeting be.
Some are so modest, that they will not come.
Unless the compliment they can return.
This generous feeling is not right, for they
Have done their part, perhaps, some other way;
Then let our invitation go to all,
Who steady come within the Church's wall.
And for the future let our meetings be,
On Friday evening, just after tea.

Now, in the Treasury, let's take a peep.
And try of funds, we've raised, some run to keep.
When first we met, I think it was agreed,
That some be used for what the Church should need.
And some also of our means we'd use,
To promulgate the Unitarian views.
We've sent the Sunday school an ample share
And gave it once the proceeds of a fair.
We once the gallery with books supplied,
No has assistance ever been denied,
To those whose wants before the circle laid,
Tho 'twas not formed for charitable aid,
Sometimes we've paid some poor lone widow's rent.
And to the Tract Society often sent,
Have purchased curtains, pulpit cushions, chairs,
And many other such like small affairs,
We've bought a Bible, made some presents too,
In fine we've done whatever we found to do.
But times are sadly changed, since first we met.
Our church is going down, and much in debt.
Tho really persons in its pale are found,
They feel and their's debts to pay not sound.

And say, that "if we cannot keep it up"
"We must be satisfied to have it shut."
This must not be — of all the Churches here,
Ours is the one, our Island least can spare.
Let not its death be found on History's page.
In this progressive, this our "Golden Age."
A thousand dollars have passed thro' our hands:
This sum so small, compared with golden lands.
Will show, if we will but an effort make,
We can do something, and a fund create,
Come to the rescue then, put shoulder to,
And if not much, still what we can, let's do,
Although it little from our large debt takes.
'Tis many a little, many a nickle makes.
In woman's name, then, I upon you call.
For by her influence we stand, or fall.

Nantucket. January 1850.

Come Ladies, listen, while I read a song.
Nor tire, although I tax your patience long.
For if 'tis trash we write, or common sense,
'Tis easier to spin out than to condense.
I ask your pardon, if too bold you think,
In giving forth sometimes a gentle hint.
My subject is this circle, and its aim.
Therefore from you, I some attention claim.
Don't be offended if my song should spice,
(Although unasked,) with what we call advice.

When first we met, what cared we if 't was said,
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And if our circle numbered full fourscore,
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While at each simple gathering still are found,
A large proportion of the members old,
Who yet are good as California gold.
But of the cherished absent, I would speak,
And one & all with cordial feeling greet.
List ye of me! though life's rude wintry storm,
Had silvered in her locks, and bent her form.
Her heart in purity was fresh and fair,
And virtue beamed in all its brightness there.
Her trusting soul with Faith's unwavering eye,
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And some have joined the city's busy throng,
While some are saying that too old they're grown,
Therefore they think they'd better stay at home.
But say not so, for you we cannot spare,
Come while you may, & in our pleasures share.
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And many others, I should like to name.
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Can ever well supply your vacant place.
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For without you, our circle's not complete.

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A woman of much talk, & of strong mind.
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And long and well did she supply the place.
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Then for each other, let's do what we can.
What matters if a question comes before
Our little meeting, & is canvassed o'er
If each see, not with another's eyes.
This surely is no matter of surprise.
Nor should it one unpleasant thought create,
Though we some plan propose, and question state.
And some object & do not think it wise.
And they perhaps some better plan devise.
Majorities must rule — tho' sometimes wrong,
Right of opinion doth to all belong.

Let us resolve no more to meet to tea,
Except like this our annual meeting be.
Some are so modest, that they will not come,
Unless the compliment they can return,
This generous feeling is not right, for they
Have done their part perhaps some other way.
Then let our invitation go to all,
Who steady come within the Church's wall.
And for the future let our meetings be,
On Friday evening just after tea.

Now in the treasury, let's take a peep,
And try of funds we've raised, some run to keep,
When first we met, I think it was agreed,
That some be used for what the Church should need,
& some also of our means we'd use,
To promulgate the Unitarian views.

We've sent the Sunday school an ample share,
And gave it once the proceeds of a fair.
We once the gallery with books supplied,
Nor has assistance ever been denied
To those, whose wants before the circle laid,
Tho' 'twas not formed for charitable aid.
Sometimes we've paid some poor lone widow's rent,
And to the Tract Society often sent,
Have purchased curtains, pulpit cushions, chairs
And many other such like small affairs.
We've bought a Bible, made some presents too,
In fine we've done whatever were found to do.
But times are sadly changed, since first we met
Our church is going down & much in debt.
Tho' really persons in its pale are found,
They feel another's debts to pay not sound,
And say, that "if we cannot keep it up,"
"We must be satisfied to have it shut."
This must not be, of all the Churches here,
Ours is the one our Island least can spare,
Let not its Death be found on History's page
In this progressive, this our "Golden Age."
A thousand dollars have passed thro' our hands,
This seem so small compared with golden lands,
Will show, if we will but an effort make,
We can do something, and a fund create.
Come to the rescue then, put shoulder to,
And if not much, still what we can, let's do.
Although it little from our large debt takes,
"'Tis many a little, many a nickle makes"
In woman's name, then I upon you calls
For by her influence we stand or fall.

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Poetry.

M. J. C.

There's Poetry above, around,
In the gentle summer breeze;
We hear it in the rushing sound
That waves the forest trees.

In the blue sky that mantles o'er,
On the wide earth's expanse,
And in the ocean's wildest roar,
In the vivid lightning's glance.

There's Poetry at early dawn,
When hill and valley wake,
When Phoebus ushers in the morn,
Gilding the mirrored lake.

Again, at twilight's sober hour
When the soul communes alone,
Acknowledging the boundless power
Of the Eternal One.

When at his footstool low we kneel,
To hymn his praise at even,
Our inmost souls to us reveal
The Poetry of Heaven.

Pawtucket, 1852.

When first into Dream Land my spirit took flight
Nought greeted my view - all was darkness and night.
A chilling dampness pervaded the air
Yet I knew it was Dream Land and Fairies were there
I miss the true, yet I felt they were near
And anon Fairy music it greeted my ear
Yet my soul it was sad and complained of the fate
That had doomed it to solitude so desolate.
Nought but toil for my day dreams and such dreamers here
O! the thought of such loneliness filled me with fear.
Then the music it ceased and a fierce fiendish glare
From eyes looking forth from a huge shock of hair
Was fixed on me, and frantic with fright
I fervently prayed for the dawning of light
In vain I attempted to cry out for aid
My tongue seemed more parched each effort I made
My head seemed to sink, and erect stood my hair
I then became conscious I had the night mare.
Then in more quiet slumber I sank to repose
The mist disappeared and a Fairy arose
From her home in a blue-bell, resplendent and bright
She came decked in gems from the dews of the night.
"Tired mortal, she said whither wending your way?
Will you still journey on, or in Fairy-Land stay?
San Francisco I told her, was my destination
"Hence for what" I replied now with some hesitation

For I knew she'd have vanished and no longer tarried
Had I told her I looked for a man that was married.
So I said just to look at one thing and another
And find an old friend dear to me as a brother
Then the scene quickly changed, and in less than a minute
I saw San Francisco — Ay I found myself in it
But so awed and bewildered (believe me or not)
'Tis a fact that in Bedlam I thought I had got
The Fairy perceiving what progress I made
In looking for you, kindly offered her aid,
And said your Daguerreotype really she needed
But would find you, if her description succeeded
So I said you were tall, six feet or more high,
With a broad thoughtful brow, and a deep hazel eye
Your head, somewhat bald, with a slight thatch of hair
(For a wig you protested you never would wear)
Then your gait it was neither a leap nor a bound
Yet no other mortal ever measured the ground
In such long thy strides, and when walking alone
To carry your cane, had a way of your own.
She listened, yet something seemed still to perplex her
When I said I believed you were City Inspector
Of "Hold cried the Fairy I know the man well
Of his high standing here I have volumes to tell"
And often in Dream land together we roam
To an Isle of the sea, to this dear native home!!
And one Capt. Kellam with frankness allowed
He knew him a gentleman when first seen in a crowd

When first into Dream land my spirit took flight
Nought greeted my view - all was darkness and night;
A cold chilling dampness pervaded the air
Yet I knew it was Dream land and Fairies were there.
Invisible true, yet I felt they were near
And anon fairy music it greeted my ear.
Yet my soul it was sad and complained of the fate
That had doomed it to solitude so desolate;
Nought but toil for my day dreams and such dreamers here
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But think not to find him as when you last saw him
The Fates know his worth and have done something for him
So changed is his person, so lengthened his phiz,
He's become a fit subject for heroic verse
And when you behold him it will be with surprise
And will find it quite hard to believe your own eyes
Then the city and Fairy both vanished, and now
The change was so gentle I can not tell how
But it seemed as I gazed like a dissolving view
Where late stood the city, now only stood you
Colossal in stature, majestic and bold
On all sides surrounded with silver and gold
Enough for a Benton and numberless others
You were a real Rothschild or Bareing and Brothers.
And I thought when I looked upon such vast heaps of treasure
Where where on the earth will he find it his pleasure
To locate himself, sure not on Nantucket
True Diogenes dwelt in a tub and was right
But for one in your station with wife and with children
And property valued at nearly a million
Sure some famous city Paris London or Rome
Must claim you a citizen and furnish a home
But I did you injustice to soliloquize thus
For I found with much pleasure you were still one of us
That you bore all your honors with meekness and grace
And your heart as of old "was in the right place"
For you came when you saw me and made me good cheer
Said again and again "I'm delighted you're here
Called dear old Nantucket a rare ocean gem

To which I devoutly responded Amen
Then you urged me to stay, and said now you are here
Try your luck for a while and in less than a year
If Dame Fortune dont find you and make you her debtor
I'll pay all the cost, — ay I'll do something better
Though reluctant at first I consented to stay
Yet a power quite unseen seemed to draw me away
And a sound often dreaded upon my ear fell
And obliged me to hear the loud ringing school bell
Then the fates seemed to mock me and laugh in derision
When I opened my eyes and behold !!! twas a vision

Nantucket Oct 25 1852

To an Aged Friend.

M. S. W.

When thou art heavy-laden, care-worn and oppress't,
And to thy weary soul, there seems to be no rest;
Then may these precious words recur to thee;
"As thy day is, so then shall thy strength be."

Although thy hair is silvered o'er with age,
And thou art now as 'twere, on life's last stage,
Through thy long life, it has been proved to thee,
That "as thy day is, so ~~shall~~ thy strength be."

From nearest friends thou oft hast had to part,
How great to thee their loss! how keen the smart!
How truly it was verified to thee,
That "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

His great and glorious Name thou couldst adore,
Although thy cup was well-nigh running o'er;
Abundant have his mercies been to thee;
For "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

Thou still art blest with friends and children dear,
Thy few remaining days to gladly cheer;
His outstretched arm is always over thee,
And "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

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And when life's wintry storms do gather fast,
Oh, do thou heed not then the howling blast;
For there's a covert from the storm to flee;
And "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

When pain and sickness often hover round,
Discouragement may sometimes then abound;
His precious promises are sure to be,
"As thy day is, so then shall thy strength be."

And when life's tide is quickly ebbing out,
His goodness, love, and mercy, do not doubt;
Supported and sustained then thou shalt be,
For "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be:"
And when the fearful portal safe is past,
The crown immortal may be gained at last.

Nantucket, 1852.

To me such thrilling, soul-enrapturing notes
Seem not of earth, but from some angel sphere;
To me they bear sweet messages. They speak
Of Immortality, of Heaven, of Home,
And waft me onward to the spirit land.

Nantucket, 1852.

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Nantucket, 1852.

Poetry

Midnight Musings.

M. M.

Why, at this hour, ye busy thoughts,
Why will ye vigils keep?
Why, from this tossed and wearied mind,
Banish the wished-for sleep?
Why through the brain, madly careering,
Rush phantoms strange, but half appearing,

Amid this silence, so profound,
The stars, that glorious throng,
Join, with their voices low and deep,
Peace, and good-will their song;
While Earth, each whisper gently hushing,
Lists to the melody outgushing.

Ah! I! the lone discordant note,
In this sublime repose?
The only thinking, conscious self,
Conscious of joys and woes?
While Nature's wrapped in peaceful slumber,
Man's crimes and sorrows, who can number,

But beings pure and beautiful
Before my vision rise,
Stilling the tumult of my soul
With their clear gentle eyes.

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Nantucket, 1

Eyes, beckoning with a love so beaming,
That Heaven is ever nearer seeming.

Oh, in such still, such lonely hours,
Our Father nearer seems;
And, of that home for weary souls,
We catch some transient gleams.
For He, who for the sparrow careth,
Mansions of rest for us preparetb.

Nantucket, 1852.

Jan 1852

Love of Country.

P. A. H.

The land endeared by many tender ties,
When from afar it dawns on sailor's eyes,
A thrill of joy will send to every heart,
For "love of country" in each soul hath part.

With speed is done the work of every hour,
As each more nearly brings the wished-for shore;
Each heart rejoices in the prospect bright,
For oh! the land they love is now in sight.

So with each Christian sailor on life's sea;
All sadness, and all doubt forever flee,
As near, and nearer yet the scenes appear,
His heart so long hath held as very dear.

Oh, ye, who spread the white sail wide and free,
As voyagers on life's stormy, restless sea,
Seek ye a pilot, who will guide you right,
By heaven's own chart, until the land's in sight.

And then as dawns on faith's bright vision clear,
The land where flows not sorrow's bitter tear,
Ye shall rejoice, from sin forever free,
And glory share, when reached the land ye see.

Nantucket, 1852.

The Spirit World.

M. S. C.

From realms unknown the spirits come,
A mingled group of youth and age;
Names, that a world-wide fame have known,
And written down on History's page.

Where rolls the sphere, the spirit home?
Can it be yonder planet bright?
Or in some orbit far beyond
The scope and ken of human sight?

Or do they circle with our earth,
Around the everlasting sun?
Now gathered at the hallowed hearth,
Now flitting off to space unknown?

From every sect, and every clan,
Those mystic shadows banish gloom,
And with one voice proclaim to man,
That <u>being</u> ends not with the tomb.

Nantucket, 1852.

Moral Courage.

A. G.

Amid the ranks where hostile armies meet,
In deadly conflict on the battle ground,
Aroused by clanking arms, and tramp of feet,
A lofty courage oftentimes is found:
But purer far the courage of the mind,
That oft in life's sequestered walks we find;—

The moral valor, strong to stem the tide
Of evils, struggling to o'erwhelm the soul,—
Which can in peace and quietude abide,
While waves of passion madly round it roll,
And lofty moral influence can wield
To quell the hosts on error's battle field;—

Or which, with purpose resolute and strong,
Can batter down the walls of sin and crime,—
Can raze foundations deeply laid in wrong,
Though consecrated by the hand of time,
The noblest here he, who lends his aid,
With steady purpose, for the truth's crusade.

Who lays all selfish ease on duty's shrine,
Unmoved by gold, or fame's delusive breath,—
Who, panoplied in robes of truth divine,
Opinion battles, hand to hand, till death,—

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And, mid the clashing of contending mind,
Is ever free, and true to human kind.

Emblazoned on the coronet of fame,
Borne high above the deeds of common life,
We read the warrior's all triumphant name,
And swell his praises for his deeds of strife;
But on the moral hero's brow shall be
A crown of light, glowing immortally.

Nantucket, 1852.

Once again my rustic lyre,
Lydian members, shall inspire,
Since to me it doth belong,
Not to furnish sauce but song
To comply I'll not be slow
Humbugs, now are all the go.

But what shall I choose for them?
Gaffer Grey or Marys Dream,
Or that typical "Rose Tree"
With its flowerets "fair to see"
Shall we cherish life or no
While as yet the tapers glow.

Should our song Bright Phebe be,
Hark! a voice cries "that means me"
Or the lass who erst did dwell,
By "Dumbartons Bonny Dell."
Hold! cries one with streaming eyes,
Poor Tom Halyard bleeding lies.

Ah! poor Tom, "thou'rt not alone,"
Good old Grimes, is also gone
Him we shall behold no more
With vest buttoned down before,
When in death I calm recline
Lay me down with "good old Grimes."

Should I choose the "Queen of May."
On this February day,
Few of us would sing I fear,
Wake me early Mother dear,
Or if sitting on the stile,
We might chance to freeze the while.

If you'd learn of Nelly Bly,
What 'twas made "Susanna cry,"
I hereby propose, that we
Just step down to Tennessee
Ha- you shout aloud "good luck"
Carry me back! O carry me back.

Hark! I hear the faint and fair,
Some one sing "Du dar, du dar"
While another- soft & low
Warbles out "long, long ago"
Cries a third- come list to me,
Ula, ula, ola ee.

But let us - while singing here
Mindful be of Womans Sphere,
For tho' "angels" we must toil
Scrub and scour and bake & boil
Quickly march them every one
Singing only "Home Sweet Home."

Now all are seated please prepare
To listen to our Bill of Fare,
For each you see has brought her share
Of food that's good & wholesome.

Not Sally Lunns nor Charlotte Ruche,
No Lydian would ever choose
But would indignantly refuse
Such silly Boston Notions.

Whoever will take a cup of tea
May choose what colour it shall be
For we have green & black you see
Of quality the finest.

Here's sugar too tis free I guess
But do not let the matter press
The milk I'm sure is free no less
As is the heart that sent it.

The Graham bread, too is a treat,
As good we think as that we eat
Last Friday in a costly street.
Bedecked with Pearls & jewels.

The biscuit next we beg you'd try
Better than any you can buy,
If you would know the reason why
They're made by Mrs Hadwen.

The butter good - I cant explain.
Nor matters it from whence it came
Were I to mention Mrs Swains
Another might feel slighted.

Of tongue I think you'd find no lack
But Coz Phebes is here to crack.
Them up, at which she's such a knack
To do't I shall not venture.

The Lydians who brought the cake
We hope will no exception take
If we should venture just to make
This natural suggestion.

That if again we should agree
To have a pic-nic here to tea.
That they cake - will ever be
To this none make objection.

Come then, my friends lets all "fall to"
I'm hungry quite & so are you
Then eat & let Shakespearians chew,
The cud of "bitter fancy".

When shall we all meet again
When shall we all meet again
When the circling year goes round
Shall we all still here be found
Will our places filled remain
Shall we once more meet again.

When the year that's past was new
There were absent from us two
Whom we ever loved to greet
Whom 'twas happiness to greet
But the thought how fraught with pain
That we ne'er might meet again

This new year how blest are we
Their loved forms once more to see
Let us hail that happy shore
Which to health did him restore
Whom we count it gain to know
May they no more from us go

Let each honoured guest then stand
Each his wine cup in his hand
Filled with water to the brim
Let's drink added years to him
And Eliza dear to thee
May you both most happy be.

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Yet one guest I do not see
"Uncle Paul" O where is he
To our banquet comes he not
Are we all by him forgot
Then the wish alas how vain
Thus to meet him ier again

But not full our cup of joy
There's no bliss without alloy
Vacant places meet our view
Yonend we love and honour too
Say will time those friends restore
May we hope to meet once more

When old winter's reign is sped
Yielding to Spring's lighter tread
When again fierce summers heat
Calls us to that cool retreat
Then in spite of wind or rain
Often will we meet again

From this hall ier we retire
Let me once more strike the Lyre
Let us thank ier leave we take
Those who roasted, boiled, or baked
And amid stern winter's reign
May we often meet again

Stanzas.

L. C. B.

The pious Jew, with reverent look,
Bent o'er the ancient prophet's book,
And earnestly, though vainly, sought
To comprehend the truths it taught.

But lo! a friend was near at hand,
Sent to his aid by God's command;
With joy, the teacher he received;
He questioned, listened, and believed.

A Christian now in mind and heart,
Ere his instructor should depart,
He prayed to be baptised, and then,
Rejoicing, went his way again.

This story from God's Holy Word,
A sacred lesson doth afford;
Teaching us carefully to heed
The meaning of whatéer we read.

Thus we may gain some precious truth,
To guide our childhood and our youth;
To bless us while our life is given,
And then to lead us home to Heaven.

What is the sociable tree[1] and the dancing tree[2]
And the tree[3] that is nearest the sea
The most yielding tree[4] the busiest tree[5]
And the tree[6] where ships may be

The languishing tree[7], the least selfish tree[8]
The tree[9] which bears a curse
The Chronologist's tree[10], the fisherman's tree[11]
And the tree[12] like an Irish purse

What's the tell-tale tree[13], and the traitor tree[14]
And the tree[15] which is warmest clad
The layman's tree[16] the housewife's tree[17]
And the tree[18] which makes one sad

Whats the tree[19] which with death will benight you
The tree[20] which your wants will supply
The tree[21] which to travel invites you
And the tree[22] which forbids you to die

What tree[23] do the hunters resound to the skies
What[24] brightens your house and your mansion sustains
What tree[25] urges the Germans in vengeance to rise
And fight for the victims of tyranny slain

The tree[25] that will fight, and the tree[27] that obeys you
The tree[28] that never stands still
The tree[29] that got up, and the tree[30] that is lazy
And the tree[31] neither up nor down hill

The tree[32] to be kissed, the dandiest[33] tree
And what[34] guides the ships to go forth
The tree[35] of the people, the unhealthiest[36] tree
And the tree[37] whose wood faces the north

The emulous tree[38], the industrious tree[39]
The tree[40] which warms mutton when cold
The reddish brown tree[41] and the reddish blue tree[42]
And what[43] each must become ere he's old

The tree[44] in a bottle, the tree[45] in a fog
The tree[46] that gives the joints pain
The terrible tree[47] when schoolmasters flog
What[48] of mother and child bears the name

The treacherous tree[49] the contemptible tree[50]
And that[51] to which wives are inclined
The tree[52] which causes each townsman to flee
And what[53] round fair ankles they bind

The tree that's entire, and the tree that is split
The tree half given to doctors when ill
The tree we offer to friends when we meet
And the tree we may rise as a quill

The tree that's immortal, the tree that is not
And the tree that must pass through the fire
The tree that in Latin can never be forgot
And in England we all must admire

The Egyptian plane tree and the tree that is clear
And that round itself doth entwine
The tree that in billiards must always be near
And the tree that by cockneys is turned into wine

MONODY.

IN MEMORY OF A BROTHER WHO DIED AT SEA.

C. F. B.

"Who would not sing for Lycidas?
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

MILTON.

Mournful; yet grand, old Ocean's deep-toned roar
Strikes on my ear, and saddening thoughts arise;
Old Ocean thunders to the echoing shore,
The shore in loud, but mellow tones replies.
Creation's noblest symphony! In vain
The shrill northwest pipes to the sounding main;
In vain Euroclydon's appalling blast
Howls o'er the frothy sea; short time 't will last;
The pealing thunder's outbreak soon is gone,
And fierce levanters soften in their tone;
The rumbling earthquake's momentary roar
Groans for a sunken town, and all is o'er;
E'en the wild pamparas wasting hill and plain,
Lose their fierce wrath, and turn to calms again;
But Ocean! Nursed where, on my infant brow,
Thy salt spray fell, ah! well I love thee now.
Thy voice, though hoarse, falls welcome on my ear;
Like cradle hymns, ever to manhood dear;
For, mingled with a mother's voice, I heard

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Thy tones, old Ocean, ere I lisped a word;
The first glad sight that met my curious eyes,
Of all God's wonders and deep mysteries,
Thine ever-heaving breast, thy hoary ~~beard~~,
Fringing the pebbly shore, at first appeared,
And ere my tottering feet had learned to roam,
My infant limbs were bathed within thy foam.
And pleased I hear thee; but with tear-blurred eyes,
Far o'er thy waste, thought, like the petrel flies;
And swift-winged Memory flying in the track
Of speeding time, bears me reluctant back;
And leaving the advanced point of time,
This fair, green earth, I seek another clime.
Fleet-footed Fancy! O, fair sprite divine,
How can you bear so swift, this heavy heart of mine.
And now far o'er the Polynesian tide,
This Ocean-roar has sent my thoughts to stray,
I bend, dear brother, weeping at thy side,
And thou from friends and home so far away;
None near to close thine eyes, none near to pray,
No tears to wet thy shroud save the Pacific's spray.
But brother mine, no monarch's stricken head,
No cherished one of parent, wife, or friend,
No true heart's idol ever joined the dead,
More truly wept than thou, although thy end
No breaking hearts, no mourners did attend.
For when we wept thee first, and, grief-struck bent
Before the Angel's rod, when thou wert gone;

Thou hadst a year in Heaven been resident,
Rejoicing there while we were sad and lone.
But ah, how light, how laughing, and how gay,
We passed the time when thou wert racked with pain,
Pining for soothing draughts, and wasting lay,
Rocked on the stormy main.
But thou art gone, never, ah me, again
Thy manly smile shall greet our longing eyes,
Never again thy voice, with kind replies,
Shall greet our ears, never again thy hand,
Obedient to thy generous heart, shall yield
The costly products of a foreign land,
Nor Ocean's treasures. Ocean was thy field;
There thou didst labor, there thy deeds were done;
For lesser deeds glory and wealth have won.
But thou wert like a worker in a mine,
And darkness shrouded many an act of thine,
That might have brightly shone in history's line.
And thou didst eat thy bread in peril's ways,
A drop of sweat giving for every grain;
Thy nights were long and dark, but brief thy days,
Thy labor large, but small and poor thy gain;
For thou didst scorn a life of gainful ease,
With brave contempt, living upon the seas,
Tempestuous home, always in danger's midst.
How little dream the sybarites of trade,

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Wrapped in their cloaks of fur, 'mid winter's gloom;
Or gently underneath a silken shade;
Pacing secure the street when summer's come,
Of all the perils dread that they endure,
The Exiles of the deep, most insecure
Of all uncertain men; old Ocean's braves,
Sons of the tempest, sport of winds and waves,
For whom each varying breeze hollows their watery grave,
And changeful as the ever-varying blast,
That howls across the Atlantic's heated stream,
That Ocean artery, thy life was passed;
Startling, and all uncertain as a dream;
But like the light that o'er a troubled sea
Shines brightest when the waves are troubled most;
So shone thy virtues, but their brightness cost
Too dear a price, though never grudged by thee.
O, that 'twere suited to my humble verse,
Meetly to sing thy present rich reverse;
And tell in glowing words how thou dilst go,
Clothed in celestial robes, where waters flow
From out the throne of Him, who once, like thee,
Rested his head upon a stormy sea.
But oh, my eyes are blurred with ~~selfish~~ tears,
I only see the place that thou hast left,
And mourn my loss with low and selfish fears,
Nor see thee recompensed, but me bereft.
But, sainted brother, thou art now on high,
Thy gentle spirit waits our coming there,

Thoughts suggested by attending the concerts given in this place by the Germania Musical Society.

E. S.

Oh ye whose melting strains have filled our souls
With rapture! how shall pen of mine bestow
Just tribute to your skill? I sat entranced,
And almost deemed me on enchanted ground,
Drinking the deep-toned melody, – while tears
Gushing from out the heart's pure fountain, flowed,
Nor was it strange; for there can nought on earth
Excel those soft and pensive touches, which,
Now move the soul to sadness, – now inspire
Of heaven a foretaste, – making us forget
Earth's weariness in longing to be free.

As the hands swept the strings, what music rose!
Now the wild tale of frenzied passion thrilled;
Now, lays of love commingling, soothed to peace.
Anon, the noisy din of battle came,
Then sobbing sounds, and dirge-like melody,
Which called departed spirits back to earth;
And as the last faint note fell soft, methought
Pure prayer came welling up – and holy thought
Lingered, – like twilight – round expiring day;
While the deep calm succeeding, was as still
And pulseless as the hush that follows prayer.

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Then, as if fearful they had waked too much
Of melting sadness – floating on the air,
Came gladsome memories of the mazy dance,
Oft waking dreams of fairy revelries,
Of moonlight gambols, and of summer skies;
Of youth, and health, and happiness, and joy.
'Tis meet we list to sounds of harmony,
For they ennoble and refine the heart;
Almost they seem to us of heavenly birth!
Creation's dawn ushered them into being,
The murmuring brook, the gentle breeze perfumed,
Or the wild heavings of an angry sea, –
Aye, there is melody in these – and cold,
And reckless is that soul to whom they bear
Not fitting language, waking joyous strains.
There's scarce a heart however rudely strung,
In which some soft and plaintive air will not
Awaken kindred feelings, – or arouse
Some dormant chord that long has slumbered there,
And, as these utter softly their response,
Hallow its foot-fall as it lingers yet.
There's magic in that power which can, at will,
Control man's feelings, and transport him back
To happy childhood, while, as yet his head
Was softly pillowed on his mother's breast,
Ere the rude storms of life had howled around;
Then soothing his worn spirit, lead him forth
From untaught nature up to nature's God.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

Coffin School Exhibition.

Prologue,

Written and Spoken by Miss S. C. Bunker.

When Science first in Western worlds appeared,
And in this wilderness her temple reared,
She taught Columbia's sons that they were free;
Their country's first, best wealth was Liberty.
When struggling with oppression from her foes,
To aid her cause, Great Washington arose,
His noble deeds inspired each patriot soul,
Enlightened freemen could not brook control.
They triumphed; and in this, our happy land,
Science and Liberty join hand in hand.
Her influence doubt and darkness can dispel,
Explain the past, the coming time foretell;
The latent germs of genius bring to light,
Which but for her had slept in endless night.
If research and inquiry, unconfined,
Tend to enlighten and improve mankind;
If Education does to Freedom lead,
Or Superstition's dreary march impede;
Then he*, whose bounty here itself displays,
Deserves our warmest thanks, our highest praise;
His bright example, worthy of his name,
To future ages shall his worth proclaim;

* Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.

The goddess, Clio, shall herself enroll
His hallowed name on her undying scroll.
To make amusement with instruction blend,
Others to please, our chief design and end;
We claim no merit in dramatic art,
No tragic excellence to move the heart,
Yet, if our feeble efforts but amuse,
Your kind attention you will not refuse.

To Miss Sarah C. Bunker.
By A. M. Macy.

Permit my muse, in unaspiring lays,
To celebrate the youthful poet's praise;
Though my harsh numbers rather cloud your name,
Than add new beauties to your budding fame;
Yet still a votary of the Sonian maid,
Whose beauties to the censuring world displayed,
Merit applause;
Will not, I trust, with satire's cutting dart,
Destroy my verses, and condemn my art,
Without a cause.

Trusting the virtues of the female kind,
And the soft beauties of the polished mind,
I dare to compliment; who else but you
Could wake the lyric strain so soft, so true?
Could strike the lyre with more consummate hand,
With livelier strain?

Yet once again try your o'erpowering art,
Attune your harp, and having touched his heart,
Bid him remain;
Bid him remain ~~in~~ on freedom's blessed shore,
And think of England and her wars no more.